The M'Kean County Miner.

H. F. BARBOUR, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. DEVOTED TO HOME INTERESTS, LITERATURE, AND GENERAL INTELLIGENCE. $2.00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

VOL. XI. SMETHPORT, M'KEAN COUNTY, PA., THURSDAY, JANUARY 15, 1874. NO. 12.

Beyond.

Autumn is dying, winter is come,
And all leaves are flying, the rivers are dumb,
The world's like a knife, one's fingers grow numb,
There is snow on the mountains, ice in the pond,
Within us with me, but spring is beyond.

The old year is dying, the glory is dead,
The days are all flying, their brightness has fled,
The feebless grow bare as the berries grow red,
There is snow on the mountains, ice in the pond,
The old year is dying the new is beyond.

We are all growing old, and life slips away,
There is bare time for work, and still less for play,
Though we think we grow wiser the longer we stay,
But there's life in us yet, no need to despond
This world waxes old, but there's heaven beyond

A MIDNIGHT MEETING.

I always did think my brother Solomon a little hard upon me, though I confess that there was reason for it. Mine were not exactly his ways, you see.

But could I help it that I was not born a person, like Solomon? *Everybody* isn't born a person. A long while ago, when we were boys together in tight blue jackets, with gilt buttons and deep frilled collars, I used to try with all my might and main to imitate Solomon, and when we were exhibited in society, I always echoed verbatim every remark I heard him make, so that I might share his fame. But that was, as I said, long ago, and gradually such close following in Solomon's steps grew tedious, so I chose a wider way. I was warned a great deal against this wider way, but somehow I lounged easily into it when I found how difficult it was to be always as good as Solomon.

As I said, to begin with, I always did think Solomon a little hard upon me. If I used language a little stronger than a Quaker's, he would maintain a mark'd and impressive silence himself; and if I took anything stronger than lemonade, he would ask meaningly for water, to my intense discomfiture; and if—after we had grown up, and were living each of us alone in his own house—I took part in the harmless recreations of the age, I would for the next few days live in mortal terror of Solomon's appearance at the gate, with his book of sermons under his arm, and the odor of outraged sanctity pervading him. His figure, coming through the gate, even without that brown book under his arm, would have been impressive enough, but it never did appear so. He was curious in appearance, was Solomon, being emphatically long at every way. His legs and feet were long; his arms and hands were long; his hair was long, his nose was long; and his coat-tails were uncommonly long, too; and, indeed, I think the only things that were not long about him were his sleeves.

After any particular jovial evening at the Squire's or at Jo Fleming's at Blagly (the Squire bred the best fighting cocks in the country except Jo's, and Jo's whisky was the primest that ever escaped duty), you may guess that my heart didn't bound with joy at the sight of Solomon's long figure and long face: still, on ordinary occasions, Solomon and I were good friends, and I looked forward to the day when he should convert me to his own ways, and we should read the book of sermons aloud by turns through our old age. But then I knew there was plenty of time for that.

Well, we had marked the fight of the season, and I had backed Jo's bird heavily. The affair was to come off on the Sunday afternoon, and for all the week before we were so excited (Jo and I and our chums, and the Squire and his chums) that we spent every evening together, discussing our birds and our bets; not to mention the dispatching of a good deal of the Squire's home-brewed, and of my old port, and of Jo's Scotch. You see we didn't read so much in the week days as you do now, and so spent more time over these lighter duties. We didn't talk very much either—one of Solomon's sermons divided among us would have lasted us all for a week, but we smoked—well, pretty steadily.

The Sunday came at last, and in the morning I sat in the corner of Solomon's pew, paying the greatest attention to him, for I wouldn't for the world he should suspect where I was going in the afternoon, or that I had the slightest interest in either Jo's bird or the Squire's. What was my horror, then, when Solomon, in the very middle of his discourse (I always knew it was the middle when he began to say "lastly"), alluded darkly to a "besetting sin of the age," as a sport at which only Satan could laugh. "And he," concluded Solomon—and I felt his eyes upon me—"chuckles with glee to see men so debase themselves." I broke out into a cold heat. Could any one have turned traitor and told Solomon? I kept my eyes down upon the carpet, and tried to make a resolution that this should be my last cock-fight; but somehow the resolution jumbled itself up with speculations as to how the Squire would feel to-night when he was beaten, and how I should feel when I pocketed my £100 winnings.

"I shall certainly buy that colt of Jo's, and now I think of it, I may as well get Solomon a new umbrella. I dare say he didn't mean anything about cock-fighting after all. He always had whims for attacking our sports, and of course that innocent diversion must take the form, like bowls and billiards."

I had forgiven Solomon by the time he had doffed his long gown and joined me in the churchyard, and I only said, amicably, "You were rather hard upon us all to-day, as usual, Sol."

"Was I?" he questioned, in his slow way. "Hard or soft, it does but little good, Jacob."

I turned the conversation gingerly. I could not easily prove his words to be untrue, and it wouldn't be polite if I did—so I didn't.

"Good-bye, Sol," I said, with great relief, when we reached the parsonage gate.

"Shall I see you at service this evening?" was Solomon's most unfortunate inquiry, as he slowly removed his umbrella to his left hand, preparatory to giving me his right.

"I hope so, but I cannot say I am quite sure." I answered in that way for the purpose of breaking it to him as gently as I could. I knew Solomon felt this sort of thing as sharply as I felt a razor scratch in shaving, so I put it in that way, that I *hoped* so, but could not say that I was quite sure.

"I am sorry you are not sure, Jacob," said he; "I should have liked to see you at church to-night. I don't feel very well to-day, so will you come in now and stay the afternoon with me?"

"I wish I could, Sol," said I, as jauntily as possible, "but the fact is I have promised an old friend at Luckheaton" (Luckheaton lay in the direction exactly opposite to Blagly) "to go over and have a quiet chat with him. He is not able to go about much himself."

I suppose Solomon was shaking hands in his ordinary manner, but his long fingers seemed to me to have tied themselves about mine to hold me back.

"You want a new umbrella, Sol," remarked I, neatly preparing the way for the gift I had in store; and, as I thought, turning the conversation with consummate tact.

"Do I?" asked Solomon, looking down upon the machine as if he had never seen it before in his life. "We both of us want a good many new things, Jacob; new habits, new aims, now—"

"Ah! yes, indeed we do," sighed I, cheerfully, as I felt the grip of his fingers relaxing. "You're looking all right, I'm glad to see. Don't go and worry yourself asking, Sol; it's a womanish trick, and not at all like you."

"No, I am not fanciful," he said, tucking his book tenderly under his long arm. "Good-bye, then, Jacob; I shall see you again some time to-night, shall I?"

Awkward, that query at the end, but I nodded yes to him just as if I had known—let me see—where was I? Well, Solomon and I parted very good friends. He looked back at me with a smile as I waited, and afterwards I looked back at him—with a smile too, for at the moment I turned, a branch of his old pear tree caught his hat, (which he always wore on the back of his head) and kept it; and he walked on to the parsonage door without an idea that his head was bare. I barred on cheerfully, then, feeling pretty sure I was safe. Solomon would be in his study all the afternoon, and in his pulpit most of the evening. Then he would drink his cup of strong tea, and sleep the sleep of a parson till morning, with his bedroom window wide open, and a square of the night sky exactly before his eyes.

"My sleep is calm," he used to say, "if my last look has been on heaven."

And calm I believe it always was, though his bed was narrow and short, and he—though narrow too—was long. Sol never could be induced to spend on himself any money which he could spare to give away, and so he persisted in using still the bed he had had as a boy. As for mine, I had been glad enough to discard it for a better.

Well, we had rare sport on that Sunday afternoon, and our bird came off the winner, though the Squire's was as plucky a little cock as ever got beaten. There he lay when the tussle was over, with his comb up and his mouth a little open, as if he was only taking an breath for a fresh attack; yet as dead as if he were roasted with stuffing.

Jo gave us a supper after the fight; then we dispatched a bottle of port apiece over settling our bets; then we gave our minds to pleasure, and enjoyed a good brew of Jo's punch; and the Squire, though he had been beaten, was one of the cheerfullest of us all.

As it was Sunday, we determined to separate in good time; so when it got towards eleven, we set out, while Jo stood in his lighted doorway shouting hearty good-nights after us. I had waited to make an appointment with him for the next day, that we might conclude the bargain for the colt, so I was a little behind the others in starting.

"Take care of yourself," called Jo; "you have the most money and the furthest to go. Mind the notes. Five twenties, and I've copied the numbers that we may be safe. Tell the Squire so, if he waylays you in the dark."

This was Jo's parting joke, and when I answered it I gave a kindly touch to the pocketbook in my breast-pocket; and the Squire, who heard me, called out that he daren't try to-night, as there was a moon behind the clouds.

I was riding a favorite little mare who knew every step of the way between my own stables and Jo's, so I just rode peaceably on in the dark, recalling the flavor of Jo's whisky, and singing over one of the verses of a song the Squire had given us:

"With five pounds your standing wages
You shall daintily be fed,
Bacon, beans, salt beef, cabbages,
Butter-milk, and barley-bread."

Suddenly the mare made a deliberate stop, and roused me from my melodious dreaminess. Certainly at the end of this lane a gate opened on the heath, but then she understood quite well that she had only to lift and push this gate, and she had never before roused me here when I had been riding sleepily home from Blagly.

"Steady, my gal! Why, what is it?" cried I, for she was shying back in the lane, and behaving in every way like a lunatic. I gave her such a cut as she had not felt since she was broken in; and then, without a word of warning, she reared entirely upright; took me at a disadvantage, and sent me sprawling into the ditch; then turned and galloped back towards Blagly without me.

I was none the worse for my fall, only shaken a little, and astonished a great deal; so I picked up first myself and then my hat, and stumbled on to find the heath gate. I had my hand upon it, when the moon came smiling along from under a cloud, and the whole level waste of heath was made visible in a moment. But the sight of the heath, in all its barren ugliness, was not what struck me with such a chill, and made my eyes prick and my throat grow apoplectic. I never gave a second glance in *that* direction, for there, close to me, only on the opposite side of the closed gate, stood my brother Solomon. I could not have mistaken him if there had been only the very faintest flicker of light. There he was, in his long coat and his high hat, with his arms folded on the top bar of the gate, the brown book under one of them, as usual, and his eyes fixed steadily on me.

"Solomon," I said, growing very cold and uncomfortable under his gaze, "it's getting chilly for you to be out."

He did not answer that, and so presently I went cheerfully on: "I've been—you remember where I said I was going——" I stopped again here. I did not want to confess where I had been if he did not know, and I did not want to tell another falsehood if he did know. So I put it to him that way, intending to be guided by his answer. It was so long in coming that I took heart of grace to try another tack. "Where have you been, Sol?"

Another pause, and then he answered, just in his old slow way. "I've been at home expecting you, Jacob; waiting for you until I could wait no longer."

"I'm sorry for that," I said, feeling a little cheerier to hear him speak. "I would not have been so late only I had to go round by Blagly on business. I daresay you notice that I'm coming from there now. I only went on business, Sol."

He made another pause before he answered, and though it was a trick of Solomon's, and always had been, I felt myself growing uncomfortably cold. Why could he not have stayed at home, as parsons should on Sunday nights?

But the icy chill turned all at once to a clammy heat when Solomon asked me quietly, and without turning his steady gaze from my face: "How much of that filthy lucre have you won, Jacob?"

"Wh—what?" I stammered—and then you might have knocked me down with the very smallest of the feathers in Jo's winning bird—"Wh—what, Solomon?"

He repeated the question, slowly and steadily.

"How much of that filthy lucre have you won, Jacob?"

"You—you have been dreaming, Solomon."

Unlinking his long fingers, which had been clasped together on the gate, he stretched one hand towards me. "Five notes," he said, still with the unmoved gaze. "Five worthless, ill-won notes."

I clasped my breast-pocket anxiously. "I have a little money here, Sol," I said, as surly as I could, "a few pounds more or less, and I want to buy you a new umbrella, yours is getting shabby. I'll go into town to-morrow and choose one."

I tried to get up a little cheerfulness over it, but Solomon's gaze damped it all out of me, and, besides, he had not taken back his long, hungry, outstretched hand.

"Five notes," he said, again; "five worthless, ill-won notes, Jacob!"

"Even if I had the notes, Sol," I began, trembling like a leaf in a storm, "even if I had them—ha, ha! what an absurd idea!—what should *you* want with them? And—and," I added, clutching desperately at a straw of courage, "what right have you to them?"

"There is no right in the question," said Solomon, and his face grew longer and longer. "It is all wrong."

"You don't often joke, Sol," said I, pretty bravely, though I was trembling like any number of aspens, "but, of course, you're joking now, and it's rather late for a joke, isn't it? Come along home with me."

"I am not going your way now," he answered.

"Shall you be home to-night?" I asked, trying to finish up the scene in my natural tones.

"To-night? It is midnight now."

"God bless my soul, is it really?" I exclaimed, not so much suprised as ridiculously flurried and nervous under my brother's intent gaze.

Solomon had shivered as the words passed my lips, and for the first time he looked away.

Good-night," he said, in his slow, absent way, and then I think he added three other words, which he often did add to his good-byes; but he spoke so low that I scarcely heard, and I felt so angry with him, too, that I didn't even try to hear.

I walked on moodily across the heath. All the benign pleasures of the sport had been swept away in one chill blast; the only definite idea that possessed me was the determination not to buy my brother Solomon a new umbrella.

I always carried my own key, and forbade the servants to sit up for me, as you may guess I was surprised to find my groom watching for me at the gate.

"Walking, sir?" he exclaimed, meeting me with a hurried step and worried face. "I hoped you'd ride home that you might be the quicker at the parsonage. They've sent for you twenty times at least, sir. Mr. Solomon ——"

"I know," I interrupted; "Mr. Solomon is missing; I've just met him. I'll go and tell them so, for I'll be bound the parish is all up in arms."

All the parish *was* up in arms, and had all gathered at the parsonage, as it seemed to me—but strangest of all—Solomon was there too, lying on his narrow bed opposite the open window, with the square of moonlit sky before his closed eyes.

They tell me something about a swoon or some such womanish trick; and it may be true and it may not. At any rate, I remember nothing after the first few sentences they uttered. Solomon had been ailing for some time—so the words went—and had felt worse than usual that day, and lonely and restless. Still, he had insisted on preaching in the evening, and afterwards had toiled up to my house to see if I was at home, and then toiled back again. All night he had been expecting me, and had kept listening for my step, while he sent again and again to see if I had returned. Just once he had risen consciously in bed, then his strength had failed; and those who were listening heard him bid his brother good-night, with the whispered prayer—"God bless you." Then he had lain quietly back, with his fading eyes upon that glimpse of heaven beyond the lattice window, and had died quietly at midnight.

What? The money? Don't ask me what became of the money. Over those five notes I worried myself at last into the most serious brain fever that ever man came back from into life again. They were gone. No trace could I ever find of my old pocket-book, though I made it well known that the numbers of the notes had been taken. When I had offered £50 reward, and *that* did not bring them, I doubled it and offered £100. Who would care to keep them then? Who would keep five notes which were stopped, when they could receive five available ones of equal value by only bringing the worthless old pocket-book to me? But no one brought it, and then I advertised anew, offering £150 reward for those five £20 notes. Of course, I tried to make out that it was the old pocket-book I set the value on, but, after all, I didn't much care who had the laugh against me if I could only set this matter straight, and give it an air of daylight reality. But no—*that* never brought them.

Another cock-fight? No, I never saw another cock-fight. Don't ask me any more. It's five-and-thirty years ago—let it rest.

The Loss of the Virginius.

All that remains of the steamer Virginius, of which so much has recently been said and written, now rests quietly at the bottom of the ocean. The ship foundered in eight fathoms of water, just off Cape Fear. Soon after the Virginius was delivered to the United States steamer Ossipee it was discovered that she was in a leaky condition, and immediately after her head had been turned northward the pumps were set to work, but, notwithstanding the best efforts of the seamen, who worked manfully night and day, the water gained slowly in the hold. The ship was in this condition when Lieut. Commander David C. Woodrow was ordered to take command of her. Shortly after that officer came on board he concluded that it would be impossible for the ship to reach New York. He afterward communicated this conviction to his superior officer on board the Ossipee, and advised that the Virginius be run into Charleston, which port he was sure could be made. This advice was not heeded, and the two vessels proceeded on their course to New York. On the evening of the 25 ult. the Virginius became unmanageable. The water was up to within a few inches of her boiler fires, and gaining slowly. Her exhausted crew then determined to abandon her. For three days previously they had been working with the water up to their knees, and many of them were so worn out as to be hardly able to stand. Early on the morning of the 26th a boat's crew put off from the Ossipee, and, at the risk of their lives, gallantly rowed through the mountainous waves to the rescue of their shipmates. The boat first took off the landsmen, then the sailors, and after all the others were in safety the officers left the Virginius. The last boat left the sinking ship at 3:30 A. M. The Ossipee hove to after the entire crew of the Virginius was safely on board, and remained in the neighborhood to see what became of the vessel. At a little after 4 o'clock P. M. she began to settle down in the water. At first she went down by the head, her forward compartments being stove and open. After the water had reached to above the paddle-boxes, it rushed backward into the cabin, and, tearing out the compartment partitions, carried the ship down on an almost even keel. She sank in latitude 33 deg. 44 min. 10 sec. north, and longitude 77 deg. 59 min. west. The Smithville Light bore north three-quarter west by the compass, with the end of Nagg's Head north northeast. When the ship had disappeared, the Ossipee steamed up, and after attaching a buoy to the tow-rope by which the two vessels had been connected, steamed for New York.

Origin of Gipsies.

Charles Leland, in his work on English Gipsies, speaks of the race of which they are a part as "the descendants of a vast number of Hindoos, of the primitive tribes of Hindoostan who were expelled or migrated from that country early in the fourteenth century." The migration probably began earlier, for there are intimations of them as far west as Germany in 1416, and in 1427 a troop of them, numbering a hundred, appeared in Paris, where they gave themselves out as Christian Gipsies expelled from Egypt by the Mohammedans. No settled account of their origin is given by the Gipsies of any two lands in the Old World, but their tradition tends on the whole towards the Egyptian origin, which the popular notions of European nations had in general till of late assigned to them. Yet that the Rom or Romni are to be identified with the Dom or Domni castes of Hindoos, allied to the Nats, the real Gipsies of India at the present day—the letters D and R being hardly distinguishable in Gipsy months—is not only attested by the name they give themselves, but borne out by proofs without limit from the study of their speech and of their characteristic customs or habits.

The Difference.

George Eliot, the lady novelist, one of the keenest observers of men and things, makes note of one essential difference between men who take pride in their trade and those who are indifferent, and expresses her thoughts through one of the characters in Adam Bede: "I can't abide to see men throw away their tools if that way the minute the clock begins to strike, as if they took no pleasure i' their work, and was afraid o' doin' a stroke too much. I hate to see a man's arms drop down as if he was shot before the clock 's fairly struck, as if he'd never a bit o' pride and delight in 's work. The very grindstone 'll go on turning a bit after you loose it."

Land of the Midnight Sun.

Paul Du Chaillu, the noted traveler, says: There is a beautiful country far away towards the icy north. It is a glorious land, with snowy, bold and magnificent mountains; deep, narrow and delightful valleys; bleak plateaux and slopes; wild ravines; clear and picturesque lakes; immense forests of white birch and fir trees; gigantic and superb glaciers, unrivaled in size by any in Europe. It is of this country I come to tell you. The rivers of this country in their hurried flights from the heights above to the valleys below, tumble down as if from heaven in gigantic waterfalls and cascades, so beautiful, so lovely, so white and chaste, so matchless in their beauty, that the beholder never tires of looking upon them. I have told you of the leading features of the country, topographically considered; let me now say a few words about the people, their mode of living, their code of morality. I have been an extensive traveler, but never in all my experience have I met with such an honest and simple class of people as the inhabitants of Norway, Sweden and Lapland. Their faith in human nature is something incredible, and their honesty exceeds all bounds. Often have I left my money behind me in a farmhouse, and as often have I been followed on the road by my late host with the treasure I forgot in his domicile. They scorn to take any reward for doing what they consider their duty, and as often as I have offered them rewards they have been rejected. They are a very religious people and a very democratic people. Of their religious simplicity, volumes could be written. They are for the most part, in fact all, Protestants or Lutherans. They bury their dead in graveyards around the churches, and if a man dies 200 miles away, his body must be brought to the graveyard and interred. A stranger can tell the condition of almost any lady he meets. Those that are engaged to be married have one plain gold ring; those who are married wear two, and those who have a family wear three. When a man's wife dies in this northern clime, the husband and his friends have a three days' jollification. About their democratic ideas I cannot give you a better notion than by mentioning the fact that I sought an interview with the King, and was accorded the same. Before I was five minutes in the royal presence, I was asked to smoke a cigar, and at separating was asked to call again, which I did. When I returned, I had to look for the King myself, there being no guards or servants around the house. I found him putting on his coat upstairs, having just put the finishing touch on one of his pictures. A few words about the midnight sun. I witnessed this grand phenomenon while standing on Cape North, the most northern extremity of Europe. The sun, instead of setting as it does here, and running a course from east to west, keeps going around in a circle, the lower periphery of which is just on the horizon. When it makes the lower curves it is partially obscured, but it rises again and describes circles in the air for nearly two and a half months. It then goes away, but total darkness does not ensue, for the moon, the stars and the northern lights illumine the land.

The Desperation of Despair.

Many of our readers, says the New York *Evening Post*, may remember the little piece of verse in which a company of British officers in the Indian service are represented as getting together, during an unusually violent epidemic of cholera, and singing a song, the chorus of which, as we remember it, ran thus:

"Here's a health to the dead already,
And a health to the next to die."

An incident is reported to have occurred in Memphis, which indicates the existence in that city of a similar disposition to make a jest of death. A man, some days ill with the yellow fever, perceived one day that the disease had taken a fatal turn. Remarking that he was going to die, and that he was determined to die happy, he thereupon drank a large quantity of brandy, and died in the middle of the fit of drunkenness which was thus produced.

However horrible such a scene may be, it must be confessed that it is not unnatural. Few men are able to maintain an indifferent bearing when they are forced to keep still and watch the constant and irresistible approach of death. One may face the danger of a desperate charge on a battle-field with comparative calmness, because there is something to do. But to lie still and wait for death to make an end of one requires a philosophical courage such as few men possess. The poor man who got drunk in order "to die happy" was probably too frightened to be fully responsible for what he did; but his conduct shows under what a tremendous strain human life is maintained in those districts of country where the yellow fever has been raging for the last few weeks.

A "Bear-Boy."

An Indian bear-boy has been on exhibition in San Francisco, and the papers have discovered that the monstrosity is a case of cruelty. The bear-boy is a born idiot, and that is about all there is unnatural about him. His points of resemblance to a bear have been stimulated by barbarous cruelty. His keeper's story is that his mother was frightened by a bear before his birth. This could scarcely have broken his ankles and cut the tendons behind, so that the feet bend beneath the legs, their upper portion touching the shins and rendering it impossible for their owner to stand upright. The inference is that the Indian boy has been cut and slashed and hewed into a rude imitation of an animal going on all-fours. His idiocy aided the transformation, and renders him valuable as a show. The matter was brought before the courts through the efforts of a humanitarian, and the boy was sent to the alms-house.

Bright Side People.

The propensity to make the best of things is generally found in combination with those smaller virtues which are more annoying to one's neighbors than most vices. The man who rises at five every morning, who always ties up his letters with red tape, and who is convinced of the great truth that it is better to be half an hour too early than half a minute too late, is frequently given to making the best of things. The duty of doing so is a moral maxim just big enough for him to understand. He probably reflects upon it in the early morning at the time when the cold bath is bringing out that glow, physical and moral, which makes him an offence to all weaker vessels during the rest of the day.

The ruddy, jovial person who gets himself up after the country-gentleman type, or the more unctious variety of popular preacher, is apt to be perspiring this doctrine at every pore. It is a pleasure to him to meet somebody in distress upon whom he may discharge boisterous comfort through his favorite aphorism, as a fire-engine sends cold water through a hose. If he acquires some dim consciousness of the fact that his kind exhortations sound like a bitter mockery to his victims, it only increases his sense of virtue. They cannot comfort themselves under the loss of a wife by the reflection that they still have several first cousins and money enough to pay for a handsome monument. That only proves that they have not studied so well as he the great art of properly directing their sentiments. For of course he will deny in the most pathetic manner that he would ever advise anything like self-deceit. He does not avowedly ask a sufferer to profess that a toothache is rather a pleasant distraction than otherwise; he only recommends him to fix his attention upon his great toe or some other remote part of his body which may appear to be enjoying good health.

And, in fact, there are some people so enviably constituted that a small pleasant object elevates them more than a great unpleasant object depresses them. They are people, so to speak, of small specific gravity, who cannot be submerged without a heavy burden of melancholy. The person who makes the best of things professes to be of this temperament. It is not, he would have you believe, that he does not sympathize with grief, but that his constitutional buoyancy makes sympathy with him compatible with exhilaration; he does not deny the existence of evils, but the smallest grain of good makes him happy, just as half a glass of wine makes some men drunk. There are, we say, such people as these—men, if we may coin a word, easily intoxicable. But we are inclined, as a rule, to a vehement suspicion in both cases. The man who is upset by the first glass has generally had a number of glasses before, and the man who makes the best of things is generally helped to be serene either by the absence of strong feeling or by the want of courage to look at the worst.

The Famine in Bengal.

The latest reports from Bengal are anything but encouraging. The famine seems inevitable. The recent failure of crops involves the subsistence of some thirty millions of people. "In some villages of Dinagepore," says a correspondent of the London *Times*, "the people are eating jungle produce and the pith of the plantain tree, while they give a sort of tamarind stew to their children."

The Bishop of Calcutta has prepared a form of prayer to be used in the Christian churches, and the "Santane Dharma Rakshani Sabha," or Society for the Defence of Eternal Religion—that is, orthodox idolatry—has issued the following formula:

"I. O Almighty Supreme Vishnu! Thou art the Preserver in this world; save, therefore, Bengal and other places from the impending dearth.

"II. O God! we, thy devoted people, humbly pray that thou wouldst rescue us always from future grain scarcity.

"III. O Asylum of Mercy! pour down thy bounteous showers of kindness, and cause the world to be supplied with a plentiful harvest.

"IV. In this *kali-yuga* (age of vice), we human beings live upon grain; so save our lives by that food, and spread abroad thy Divine glory over the universe.

"V. O Lord! Governor! Thou art the sole protector of the helpless; kindly pardon our sins, and, hearing our solicitations, bestow upon us thy universal benediction.

"VI. And also prolong the life of the sovereign, who is our ruler, for the prosperity of the subjects entirely depends upon the monarch's weal."

Death from Hydrophobia.

A famous Western trotting horse, Ripon Boy, lately died from hydrophobia. The first suspicion that anything was the matter with the horse was when the groom took him to water. He drank sparingly, and at each attempt to drink thereafter would tremble in every limb. The horse allowed his keeper to approach, but exhibited great vice when he attempted to touch him. He supposed that the horse might have been poisoned by eating sumac with the hay. After watching the symptoms of the animal for a few moments, his owner pronounced them those of hydrophobia. Water was several times offered the horse, but when he undertook to drink he was seized with spasms, followed by extreme violentness. The doctor says the actions of the horse were terrible to behold. He would rub his head against the stall so forcibly as to knock out his upper teeth, and finally fracture his jaw. Thinking that the life of the horse could not be saved, Mr. Van Brunt ordered the stall to be boarded up so as to prevent him from doing any mischief, when death ended his misery.

Facts and Fancies.

Brahminism is professed by 110,000,000 of human souls.

Hens won't work in Nevada without sufficient inducement, and Nevada travelers have to pay a dollar and a half for two eggs out there.

Mrs. Lucy Tenney was murdered in her bed, in Grafton, Maine, by her husband, Moses Tenney, a blind pauper, eighty years of age, who is now under arrest.

There is a young man in Saginaw, Mich., who was stolen and taken among the Indians when an infant, and lately escaped after twenty-six years of savage life.

The Howard Association of Memphis has struck a balance sheet, and finds itself the possessor of $25,000, which it has decided to hold in reserve for future emergencies.

If you want to make a good boy bad or a bad boy worse, nag, snub, and rough him. Don't speak gently to the erring child if you would have him keep on erring.

A British railway company has decided to give its signal men $5 each for every three months that they work without having any charge of negligence proved against them.

A correspondent from Shelburne, N. S., writes that Captain Clarence Kelly, of that place, recently shot a large gray eagle that had steel traps attached to each foot, one of which had three feet of chain attached.

California has about 8,000,000 head of sheep. The wool crop in two shearings, at an average of ten pounds per head, would amount to 80,000,000 pounds, or 15,000,000 more than the total product of the United States in 1871.

"I would rather," said a prominent New York merchant in our hearing, "give a five-figure credit to a young house having fifty thousand dollars' worth of cash and fifty thousand dollars' worth of brains, than to an old established concern with a hundred thousand cash and no brains for business."

A lad in Worcester, Mass., has been fined $5 and costs, amounting to $14.50, for stealing a copy of a daily newspaper from the door of a subscriber. In passing sentence, the Judge said it was not the mere market value of the goods stolen that called for severe punishment, but the great annoyance attending such petty pilfering.

Carbonite is a new article of fuel found only in the James River, Va. It is a substitute for cannel coal, and costs two-thirds as much, burns freely, but without smoke, sulphur or bituminous odor, and so nearly consumes itself that but 2½ per cent. of ashes is left. It burns longer than anthracite or cannel, and affords a beautiful and pure flame.

"I found it very inconvenient, and a great loss of time," says Chateaubriand, "to dine before seven o'clock. My wife wanted to dine at five o'clock, and insisted upon that hour. After many arguments and many heated discussions, we finally compromised upon six o'clock—an hour very inconvenient to us both. This is what they call domestic concessions."

Innocently Executed.

One of the most notable executions that ever occurred in Kentucky, says the Louisville *Journal*, was the hanging of Captain William P. King and Abraham Owens, at Franklin, in June, 1867. King was the leader of a gang of thieves who stopped several trains on the Louisville and Nashville Railroad and robbed the passengers, and Owens was a member of King's gang. The two were convicted of murdering Harvey King, a half-witted brother of Captain King, and it was asserted that the murder was committed through fear that the half-witted brother would expose the robbers.

The day on which the hanging took place was intensely hot, and the crowd in front of the gallows, suffering under the blazing sun, grew impatient at the seemingly interminable speeches of the doomed men, who again and again reiterated their innocence, and called upon God to witness the truth of what they said. The Sheriff was at length forced to admonish them, and they stopped and made ready to die. The body of King twitched horribly after being swung off, and he appeared to die hard. Owens struggled some, but did not suffer so much as his companion. Everybody familiar with the trial seemed to feel almost certain that the men were guilty, but their almost frantic assertions of innocence did not fail to make an impression.

Some time ago a man by the name of Evans was lynched in Kansas, and a report of the lynching in one of the Kansas papers alleged that before his death he made a confession, in which he said he had once committed a murder in Kentucky, for which two men had been hanged. It is now said that the Evans who was lynched in Kansas was one of the principal witnesses against King and Owens, and that they are the persons referred to by him in his confession. Should these statements turn out to be true, they will be likely to cause unpleasant feelings in Simpson county. It is to be hoped that this publication may lead to an investigation that will give us trustworthy information.

Shoe Your Horses.

At this season of the year every horse should be shod. A great many horses are ruined every winter by the carelessness of owners. Slipping around on the ice will soon render a horse totally worthless. It is the poorest kind of cruelty as well as a criminal extravagance to work a smooth horse in winter. There is no excuse for this neglect, and a man who will not see that his horse is properly shod ought to be compelled to go with bare feet in mid-winter. The horse, of all animals, deserves the kindest treatment at the hands of man, and there is something radically wrong about the head or heart of the horse could not be saved, Mr. Van Brunt ordered the stall to be boarded up so as to prevent him from doing any mischief, when death ended his misery.

The M'Kean Miner.

H. H. BARNES, : : : : : EDITOR.

TERMS—$2.00 IN ADVANCE.

THURSDAY, JAN. 15, 1874.

And Now Texas.

Politicians, parties and legislators of the Southern States seem possessed with an irresistible impulse to be continually getting themselves and every one else into hot water. For a long time the political dissensions of Louisiana have been a source of both State and National contention, and now we seem destined to witness the enactment of similar disgraceful scenes in Texas.

On the 2d of December an election for State and County officers was held throughout the State, resulting in the election of the Democratic State ticket by a majority of about 30,000. The constitutionality of the election law was then questioned, and the Supreme Court have decided that it was unconstitutional, and therefore void. The ground of this decision, if we remember aright, is that the Constitution provides in one section that the polls shall be held at the county seat, unless otherwise provided by legislative enactment; in the next sentence it says that the polls shall remain open four days, but does not authorize the Legislature to make any change. The last Legislature enacted a law, not only changing the polling places (as authorized to do by the Constitution) by dividing counties into precincts, but also changing the time of election from four days to one (as they were so by the grammatical construction of the sentence authorized by the Constitution.) The Supreme Court could scarcely avoid rendering the decision as they did from the plain reading of the section. Yet it is not a matter of sufficient moment to imperil the peace of a State and the stability and usefulness of a party. Both parties are determined and obstinate. The result will be two sets of government for the State and the majority of the counties. Regardless of the technical unconstitutionality of the election, in the face of a clear 30,000 Democratic majority it is both foolish and suicidal for the Republican office holders to stand out in opposition to the will of the people so plainly expressed. If they had regarded the election law as a nullity from the beginning their present position would look more worthy of support. But this they did not do. It is gratifying to know that President Grant refuses to give governmental aid or interference in the matter. They have foolishly got themselves into the muddle; let them get out as best they can without saddling the burden of their local squabbles on the Nation. In view of the loudly professed Democratic reverence for constitutions and Supreme Court decisions, it is a little strange that the Texan Democracy should rebel against a plain constitutional provision and Supreme Court decision, but then it always makes a vast difference whose ox is gored.

Two State Debts.

Those Pennsylvanians who recall the condition of their State while it was under Democratic rule, and oppressed with a debt of about forty-three millions, with no securities in the Treasury as an offset, must read with pride and gratification Governor Hartranft's statement, which shows that it is now only $25,798,-821, while there are good railroad bonds in the Treasury worth $11,-025,151, making the net total of the debt only $14,773,670. This happy state of affairs had its origin in the abolition of the old Canal Board and the sale of the public works, which had been the main support of the Democratic party for many years.—A succession of Republican administrations have done the good work of paying off about seventeen millions of the State debt and at the same time greatly reducing the taxes.

At the time when the debt of Pennsylvania was forty-three millions, the population was only a little over two millions, so that the debt represented over twenty dollars *per capita* for every man, woman and child, and the taxes were in proportion. Now there is a population of about four millions, and the net debt is less than fifteen millions, or less than two dollars per capita. The average wealth of the people has increased at even a greater rate than the population, so that the burden of the debt is insignificant when divided among all, and the taxes are little or nothing for the mass of the inhabitants.

At the time when the debt of Pennsylvania was about forty-three millions, that of the State of New York was about twenty-two millions. According to the message of Governor Dix, it is now over twenty-five millions, after deducting balances of the sinking funds, an apparent reduction in 1873 of over four millions having been provided for by new loans. The population and wealth of New York have not grown in the same ratio as those of Pennsylvania, so that there is nothing like the same lightening of the burdens of debt and taxation upon the people. The receipts into the treasury of New York in 1873 were $14,-731,936; those of Pennsylvania were $3,559,179.

In Pennsylvania there have been no deficiencies in the appropriations made; while in New York, during the past five years, the deficiencies have amounted to $8,637,729. Each State has lost about three hundred thousand dollars by defalcation: Pennsylvania, through Governor Geary's State agent, George O. Evans, and New York through her Treasury officer, Phelps; but the latter loss may be recovered, while Pennsylvania's seems to be irretrievably gone, through the indulgence of Governor Geary and his attorney of Governor Geary and his attorney General, F. C. Brewster. But, except in this single instance, the financial situation of Pennsylvania shows in most favorable contrast with that of New York.—*Evening Bulletin.*

THE DEMOCRACY.—A Washington correspondent says the Democracy in Congress appear to be completely demoralized. They are no longer a unit, and it would be difficult, if not impossible, to point out any man who could be properly called a leader. Heister Clymer of Pennsylvania, is the leader of a small party of what might be termed modern Democrats. Judge Thurman rallies those of the Middle Ages, while by far the strongest party coming down from the Dark Ages is marshaled by such men as Stephens and Fernando Wood. The party is scarcely ever united, even in opposition to the Republican party, when the question is a political one.

BOTH branches of the Legislature have adopted by an almost unanimous vote a resolution that it is the true intent and meaning of the New Constitution that the first session of the General Assembly elected under its provisions begins on the first Tuesday of January 1875, and the members of the House of Representatives should therefore be elected at the general election in 1874. This settles a question that was justly feared would occasion much acrimonious debate.

BEAVER County is certainly a highly favored county, and remarkably prolific in office holders. Although it has but 7,000 taxable inhabitants, it has had within a very few years bestowed upon it the Secretary of State, Speaker of the Senate, Cashier of the Treasury, Commissioner to Vienna and Clerk of the Constitutional Convention. Disappointed office seekers will find it to their advantage to emigrate to Beaver County.

THE nomination of Caleb Cushing as Chief Justice of the Supreme Court is meeting with a much stronger opposition from the press of the country than did that of Mr. Williams. There is hardly an exception to the surprise and mortification that is manifested at this strange action of the President. It is to be hoped that the Senate will promptly reject it.

THE Easton, Pa., *Free Press*, in a double leaded editorial, nominates Gen. James L. Selfridge, for so many years Clerk of the House of Representatives, for Lieutenant Governor.

THE Pope has made twelve new Cardinals. France gets two, Spain one, Portugal one, and the Austria Hungarian monarchy two, while Italy gets six. America and England get none.

THE last nail has been driven.—Gov. Hartranft has issued his proclamation declaring the New Constitution to be the Constitution of this Commonwealth.

IN the Lehigh and Schuylkill regions, numerous furnaces which were blown out, have been blown in, and where there was general dullness recently, now much activity is manifested. Much of the activity of the iron region is attributable to the Government contracts that have been given to the iron masters.

GRANT continues to represent the city at large.—*Graphic.*

Local and Miscellaneous.

Schedule of Train Time at Lamabee's.

TRAINS GOING NORTH—	
Night Express	4.47 a m
Through Mail	9.49 p m
Local Freight	6.45 a m
Olean Local Freight	8.25 a m
Through Freight	10.07 a m
TRAINS GOING SOUTH—	
Accommodation	11.20 a m
Night Express	6.18 p m
Local Freight	2.40 p m
Port Allegany Local	5.15 p m
Through Freight	11.12 p m

McCoy & Reilly have just received a fine lot of fresh Cranberries.

—The funeral of Mr. Job Gifford, Sen., on Wednesday last was largely attended.

Ferris, of the Chattanooga REPUBLICAN, has attached man's full estate by taking a wife.

Persons thinking of locating in the west should not fail to read the letter from Minnesota in another column. It is full of interest.

—The rather unusual make-up of our inside pages is rendered necessary by a defect in the press, to produce a clear impression.

By addressing L. W. Crawford, Alton, McKean Co. Pa., lumberman who have Ash, Cherry, Whitewood or Cucumber timber to sell can find a buyer. He pays cash prices.

—Hon. A. I. Wilcox was in town Tuesday, and as usual paid up his subscription a year or two in advance. Go thou neighbor, and do likewise.

"We want work," is now the cry of hundreds. L. W. Crawford, at Lafayette, is ready to give work to 15 or 20 men who are willing to work. He pays fair wages, and cash.

WARREN.—A few new subscribers to the NEWS to take the place of two or three individuals who got mad and stopped their paper as soon as they found out that they had to pay for it. Subscribers from Annin Creek preferred.

On Friday evening of this week Bishop Spaulding, the newly consecrated Bishop of Colorado, will hold divine service in the Court House, and will administer the Apostolic rite of confirmation.

S. W. Smith will address the Lyceum on Saturday evening next upon the subject of "Horace Greeley as a Journalist and as a Man." Mr Smith is a great admirer of the great journalist, and will undoubtedly do full justice to the subject.

—Baptist sociable at W. F. Ormsby's on Wednesday evening, Jan. 21st. A capital sleigh ride will be furnished all who wish to go, as we understand arrangements have been made to call at B. F. Wright's and the Bennett House with sleighs and take all who wish the ride.

CORRECTION.—In our last issue we spoke of Messrs Rogers and Sartwell as both having secured positions in the State Senate this term, but we are informed that Mr. Sartwell only has a position in the House, and that Mr. Rogers had a position tendered him; whether he has accepted of it or not we are unable to say.

District Deputy Grand Master

We are pleased to learn of the appointment of our townsman, G. H. Smith, Esq., to the office of District Deputy Grand Master of the masonic district composed of the counties of Potter, Cameron, McKean and Elk. The appointment is a most excellent one, and will please every one interested.

—The following is the programme for the next meeting of the Lyceum, Saturday evening next.

Select Reading—E. H. Rose.

Five Minute Speeches—Flora Taylor, Mollie Hamlin and Lena Hamlin.

Address, "Horace Greeley as a Man and as a Journalist"—S. W. Smith.

Chief Disputants—Joseph Reilly and S. W. Fisher.

We are requested to say that those wishing shaving or haircutting done must make their wants known mornings and evenings, excepting on Saturdays. Alfred proposes to improve each shining hour by attending the Academy school during the remainder of the winter term. This is a laudable purpose, and we hope he will suffer no diminution in custom by the change. Remember that before and after school hours and on Saturdays Alfred will be ready for any and all customers.

Died at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. J. H. Dently, in Keating township, Jos Gifford, Sen., aged 73 years.

Thus, after more than fulfilling the allotted three score and ten, has passed away another one of the old residents of McKean county. Mr. Gifford, we are told, has been a resident of this county nearly sixty years. He reared a family of eight sons and four daughters, of which five sons and three daughters are now living. An extended notice of the life and reminiscences of the deceased as a resident of this county would be interesting, and we would give place to it if we were in possession of the facts.

—The following rather personal communication we publish only because the young gentleman writing it has been criticised rather severely, and has a right to fair play. The subject, though, will hardly bear any farther discussion.

SMETHPORT, PA. Jan 13, 1874.

EDITOR MINER.—Will you give a small space in your paper to let the "Mule" be heard? The gentleman who devoted so large a portion of his production to the Lyceum to the "Mule" must be rather mixed, or he is not posted on the Darwinian theory. It is to be hoped that the chairing up he experienced when trying to ride the colt on the Flat a few days since has restored his memory and good manners—if he ever had any. As for the truly great, good and loyal School Director, I have for him a proper degree of respect, but think that he will fall in his search on to control the Borough while the "Mules are so Cheap, yet I do not count the ills will of any one. The "Mule" is a hardy animal and can relish a joke, even if it ends close. My explanation as to the reason is that the teachers selected the pupils for me, and formerly changed the names to suit circumstances.

Yours truly, MULE.

Explanatory.

November 1st, 1873, the firm of Bard & Barbour, then publishers of the McKean County Miner, was by mutual consent dissolved, Barbour, the junior member of the firm, assuming alone the position of publisher. In consequence of this dissolution, it was necessary that the accounts of the said firm be settled as soon as possible. With this end in view, statements were sent to subscribers whom the books showed to be in arrears for subscription. Two statements being sent to each debtor. In addition after Mr. Bard had left the borough to accept a position in Washington, on which account it became more urgent that the books of the firm be closed, it was prominently advertised at the head of our local columns that these accounts must be settled before the 20th of December or they would be collected by legal process. The 20th of December came; many had settled their arrearages like honorable men, but there were yet many more who had neither settled their accounts or condescended to say a word about them. Not willing to act hastily, threatened proceedings were withheld until about the 1st of January, when believing that further delay was useless, suits were commenced by the present publisher in behalf of his former partner and himself against a number of delinquents. The result is just about as we expected, in many instances. When some of these Rip Van Winkles did finally wake up to the knowledge that we meant what we were talking about they were wonderfully excited and felt very much aggrieved, and some in addition to stopping their papers felt called to abuse the present publisher. We mention the foregoing facts thus clearly that our friends may know well both sides of the story in case they may be compelled to listen to the complaining of any of the discontents. As far as the present publisher is concerned, he feels that he has done nothing rashly or that was not in accordance with the best and most honorable principles of business. He cannot be in the least disturbed by threats or stoppages of subscription on the part of individuals who have to be compelled to pay a trifling subscription bill.

The County Jail.

An escapade of prisoners from our county jail has become an occurrence of so frequent happening that such an event now causes but little remark. Indeed, the fact that another prisoner had escaped was entirely overlooked in our last report of last week, which neglect may be accounted for from the same reason—the frequency of such events. Within the last two years at least seven prisoners have escaped from this stronghold, and our present Sheriff has been so unfortunate as to have lost four out of the seven of these jail-birds who have thus taken flight. It is not probably owing to any lack of vigilance on the part of the sheriff. He could possibly prevent escapes by placing a sleepless guard over each prisoner, but if he trusts to the locks, bars and walls of the jail he can never be sure that his game will not be leisurely walking off as soon as his back is turned. The insecurity of the jail is not its only fault. Its cells are probably the most unwholesome holes into which a human being was ever thrust—scarcely excelled by the famous Black Hole at Calcutta. It is an alarming phase of man's inhumanity to man to compel a criminal to breathe for months the foul and deadly atmosphere of these dens, to say nothing of persons often confined in them who may or may not be guilty of any wrong-doing. Is it not time that some steps were taken toward the construction of a jail that would not be a disgrace to the county, at all events? The prospect is not now very encouraging that we will have a commodious and inviting school building for the education of our growing population very soon, therefore let us prepare for future exigencies and have a secure and comfortable jail for their reception when they reach the terminus of that road which begins in ignorance and ends in crime.

OLEAN.

FOUR ACCIDENTAL DEATHS UPON THE SAME DAY—HORRIBLE MURDER AT OTSAWBURG.

From our Regular Correspondent.

OLEAN, Jan. 9, 1874.

Last Wednesday, the 7th inst, Nelson E. Church, a brakeman on train No. 9 on the B. N. Y. & Phila. RR., was fatally injured while coupling cars near the tannery switch, between the Buffalo depot and this village. It seems he was standing upon the buffers between two freight cars, one of which was to be placed on the switch, and when he pulled the pin lost his balance and fell between the rails upon the ties, two cars passing over him and the third car stopping upon him. Before he could be relieved the break irons and gearing had to be cut away. He was at once removed to the Moore House and Doctors Ketchel and Eddy summoned. Upon examination it was found that his head was badly bruised, his right arm badly fractured, and his upper ribs on both sides torn from their attachments. The collar bone was broken in several places and his lungs seriously injured. His wife and his father in-law, Mr. Kenyon, of Allegany, were summoned, and remained with him until he died, at about 4 a. m. of the 8th. Mr. Church was universally respected, and his bereaved family have the sympathy of the entire community.

About 1 o'clock of the same day a man was run over by train No. 6, on the same road. His name was Cornelius Pine, of Walton, Delaware County, N. Y., where he had relatives living. He came from Buffalo the night before, stopping with Patrick Dillon, and staying around the depot until nearly noon. It is probable that while standing on the opposite side of the train from the depot he fell dead with the heart disease, with which he was troubled, and lay with his head upon the rail in front of the rear truck of the caboose until the train started when the car wheels passed over his head severing the upper portion from the neck. It was at first supposed that he committed suicide, but subsequent inquiries render it almost certain that the above account is correct. The coroner upon ascertaining his residence from papers found upon his person, sent a telegram to the postmaster at Walton in response to which his friends came on Friday and took charge of the remains. The deceased was on his way to some point further up the river and was detained by feeling unwell. No one saw him when he fell and he was only discovered when the train, on starting up, passed over his crushed and mangled head.

On the same day, at Allegany, a man named Geiser fell a tree upon himself, breaking both legs.

Likewise, on the same day, at Cuba, in Allegany county, a boy hung himself. We only learn that his father had whipped him severely, which is assigned as the cause of the suicide.

Saturday night, the 3d inst., at Steamburg, a small village on the line of the A. & G. W. R'y a few miles west of Salamanca, a man named Caleb Omans was murdered, under circumstances of great atrocity, by his step son, Wm. Bourne. It seems that young Bourne wished to go to a ball at a hotel near by which his father opposed, and endeavored to send him off to bed. A fracas ensued but they were parted by Mr. Noah Cowles, a relative, stopping with the family. Mr. Cowles left the house to bring Mrs. Omans and daughter from the hotel. While he was gone Omans attempted to put Bourne out of doors when Bourne, seizing an axe struck Omans on the head, following up the blow by five or six others, severing the head from the body and horribly mutilating it. Bourne then went into the house and put on a coat and vest and came back and mutilated the body with the axe again. He then went off to bed and remained in a drunken stupor until morning. He exhibited no remorse at the horrible deed. Omans is about 60 yrs of age and Bourne about 16. Bourne was immediately taken into custody and is now confined in jail at Little Valley. Coroner Price held an inquest Sunday. The jury finding that Omans was feloniously murdered by Bourne. Both were under the influence of liquor, which explains much in such cases.

The new depot of the B. N. Y. & P. R. R. at Yorkshire Center is finished and in a creditable institution, being 60x24 feet with a same roof. Yorkshire Centre is fast becoming one of the principal stations on this road.

Arrangements are being made to secure a humorous lecture from J. Joshua Jenkins, of the Utica Herald some time in February, of which due and timely notice will be given. Jenkins has the reputation of being the funniest man in America.

OMITER DICTA.

We receive at his office four Pennsylvania daily papers, and without wishing to detract from the merits of any or give undue praise to one we most unhesitatingly pronounce the Pittsburgh EVENING TELEGRAPH the superior of them all in every respect, in our opinion. It is the youngest of them all, having been started less than a year ago, yet such was the ability with which it was managed that it soon equalled and on stripped its older competitors. It is a large nine column paper, beautifully and clearly printed, complete in all its departments of local and general news, editorial, literature and science. It is the most comprehensive newspaper that we know of, and its prospectus in another column is worth a careful reading.

The question has often been asked by those interested, "Can I have my gray hair restored to its natural color, without coloring the skin? and can my thin locks be thickened up?" We answer, "It can;" and would advise you to read a treatise on the hair, which is published by R. P. Hall & Co., Nashua, N. H., who send it free, upon application. They are the proprietors of Hall's Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer. We learn from it, the hair, in a perfect state of health, is constantly falling out, and new hairs grow from the same tubes; but in case of any disease of the scalp, or by the use of alcoholic preparations, the hair-tube becomes contracted at its mouth, and prevents the new follicle from reaching the surface. Their preparation will create a perfectly healthy condition of the scalp, and, by its tonic properties, will preserve and strengthen the roots of the hair.

FOR SALE.—A two seated, well finished cutter, with thills and pole. Will be sold cheap. Enquire of CARL SAHM.

Bingham Estate.

Robt H. Rose is authorized to receive money for me; also applications to buy lands. He will give information generally, in any business of this Estate. In McKean County His office is in the Treasurer's office in the Court House.

Wellsboro, Dec. 24, 1873. Robt. C. Simpson
Agent of the Trustees.

Notice.

A Petition has been forwarded to the Representative of McKean & Potter counties from the citizens of Sergeant tp. McKean Co. praying the repeal of a State Road act through the counties of McKean, Elk & Forest, as regards the tax imposed upon the citizens of Sergeant township for the building of said road.

Notice:

WHEREAS, on or about the 3d day of September 1873, my wife, Hannah E. Swan, left my bed and board without any just cause or provocation, I hereby forbid any one from keeping, harboring or trusting her on my account, for I will not pay any debts of her contraction from and after this date.

E. H. SWAN.

Allegany Bridge Jan 8, 1874.

OLEAN HOUSE.

P. E. Stone & Co., Prop's.

This House has been Thoroughly Repaired and Newly Furnished. Barber Shop, Bath Room, Restaurant and Billiard Saloon attached. Room for 250 Guests. Barn room for 200 Horses.

MOORE HOUSE,

OLEAN, N. Y.

M. V. Moore, Proprietor.

(FORMERLY FOBES HOUSE.)

Newly Furnished. Bells to all rooms. Free to all Trains. Host bar in Western New York.

YOU WILL SAVE MONEY

By buying your clothing of

M. LEVY, OLEAN, N. Y., & PORT ALLEGANY, PA.

I have now received an immense stock of WINTER CLOTHING bought under the recent PANIC PRICES, and can offer at such prices that it will pay parties to come here for anything in that line.

My stock comprises a full line of

Fall and Winter Overcoats,

Business Suits,

Fine Dress Suits,

AND A LARGE VARIETY OF BOY'S CLOTHING.

I keep the largest stock in Western New York and Northern Pennsylvania, and can sell goods as low as they can be bought in any city.

CALL AT MY STORE AND YOU WILL ALWAYS FIND

GOOD GOODS AND FAIR DEALING.

M. Levy, { Olean, N. Y. (Korns' Old Stand.) / Port Allegany, Pa., Empire Block.

W. S. BROWNELL,

DEALER IN

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES, HATS, CAPS, BOOTS & SHOES &c., &c., &c.

Motto—*Quick Sales, Small Profits.*

Store opposite Baptist Church, Smethport, Pa. Patronage is respectfully solicited.

OLEAN AD.

HERMAN SCHUETZ,

OLEAN, N. Y.,

Practical Jeweler and Dealer in

Watches, Clocks & Jewelry,

SOLID SILVER and PLATED WARE.

FANCY GOODS AND TOYS.

CUTLERY, STATIONERY,

and a full stock of

MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

THE CELEBRATED

Shaffhausen Spectacles.

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY carefully repaired and warranted.

ENGRAVING DONE TO ORDER.

The above-mentioned goods will be sold cheap at one door north of First National Bank, OLEAN, N. Y.

BUFFALO CARDS.

P. BECKER & CO.,

WHOLESALE

GROCERS,

AND DEALERS IN

Paints, Oils,

Glass, Putty,

Nails, Etc., Etc.

468 and 470 Main Street,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

A. M. ADAMS & CO.,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS

MANUFACTURERS OF

TOBACCO, SNUFF AND CIGARS

No. 48 and 50 PEARL St., Buffalo, N. Y

Myron A. Dodge.

Notary Public and Claim Agent,

Olean, N. Y.

Bounty and Pension Claims Collected if Obtainable.

Particular attention given to applications for increased Pensions and Rejected Claims.

Office with W. H. Reynolds.

J. L. Chichester,

Blank Book Manufacturer,

Ruling, Printing, & Binding,

Executed in the best manner.

Nos. 194 & 198 Washington St.

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Merchants Hotel,

Opposite N. Y. Central Railroad and Lake Shore Depot,

BUFFALO, N. Y.

Terms, $2 00 per day. Wm. Tasker, Prop'r.

THE VICTOR SEWING MACHINE Co. wants a reliable and energetic Agents in this County. The "VICTOR" is a Lock-stitch, Shuttle Machine with self-acting Needle, beats the shuttle home with a perfect stitch on goods 1 thick or thin. Fifty per cent. on sales. Address

VICTOR SEWING MACHINE CO.
1227 Chestnut St., Philadelphia, Pa.

For the BLOOD is LIFE!

If you are Suffering from any CHRONIC DISEASE, Broken Down Constitution, Or require a Remedy to Purify and Enrich the Blood.

You will find Dr. Crook's Compound Syrup of Poke Root to possess great virtue, and do you more good than any other medicine considered. That Pale, Yellow, Sickly-looking Skin, Pimples, Face Grubs, Eruptions, Scrofulous Sores, Blotches, Boils, Tumors and Ulcers, Scrofula in its worst forms, Rheumatism, Pains in Limbs and Bones, Constitutions broken down by Mercurial or other poisons, are all cured by it. For dyspepsia, or any chronic ailment there is nothing like it. A trial will prove it. Sold by

McCOY & REILLY and ARMSTRONG & CO

1874.

THE

PITTSBURGH EVENING TELEGRAPH

Best Newspaper IN PENNSYLVANIA.

Contains more Telegraph, Local and General news than any paper in the State. As A FIRST-CLASS NEWSPAPER, the Evening TELEGRAPH will continue to lead the coming year. Its well known exalted character in the past will be maintained in the future. It will continue to advocate the cause of the People, without reference to sectional interests, and will reprobate all appearance of demagoguery, in whatever guise it may appear.

The TELEGRAPH will maintain its political independence of all partisan "rings", and at the same time will advocate the principles of the Republican party and support its nominees when they are deserving of support.

The TELEGRAPH will continue in the future, as in the past, to excel in the quantity and quality of its

LOCAL AND GENERAL NEWS,

care being taken to exclude everything of a objectionable character.

The TELEGRAPH will be unequalled in the City of Pittsburgh the present season in the matter of

FULL AND RELIABLE SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE,

as we have now regular correspondents stationed at Washington, Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York and Cincinnati, and special correspondents elsewhere. This feature of the TELEGRAPH will be unequalled, and will recommend it to all who want the news fresh and trustworthy.

The TELEGRAPH will continue to maintain its excellent reputation in a

LITERARY, SCIENTIFIC AND ARTISTIC way, and in the quality and amount of selected miscellany will not be surpassed by any journal anywhere in the matter of

IMPORTANT AND LATE TELEGRAPH NEWS,

our arrangements are such that we cannot be equalled by any cotemporary in this section or surpassed by our cotemporaries east of the Eastern mercantile centers.

In a word, the TELEGRAPH the present year, 1874, will aim to be among

THE FOREMOST JOURNALS OF THE COUNTRY,

to which end neither pains nor expense will be spared by the publishers.

The Full and Reliable Market Reports of the EVENING TELEGRAPH make it especially interesting to merchants doing business with Pittsburgh, as its reports are fully two Hours in advance of the morning papers that are printed here, and unequalled by them.

Subscription price Eight Dollars per annum Single Copies Three Cents. Served by agents at Fifteen Cents per week.

Subscriptions in all cases payable in advance and no paper continued after the expiration of the time paid for.

Specimen copies will be forwarded at any time to applicants.

Address EVENING TELEGRAPH,
128 Second street,
Pittsburgh, Pa.

CHANGE ENDS!

CHANGE ENDS!

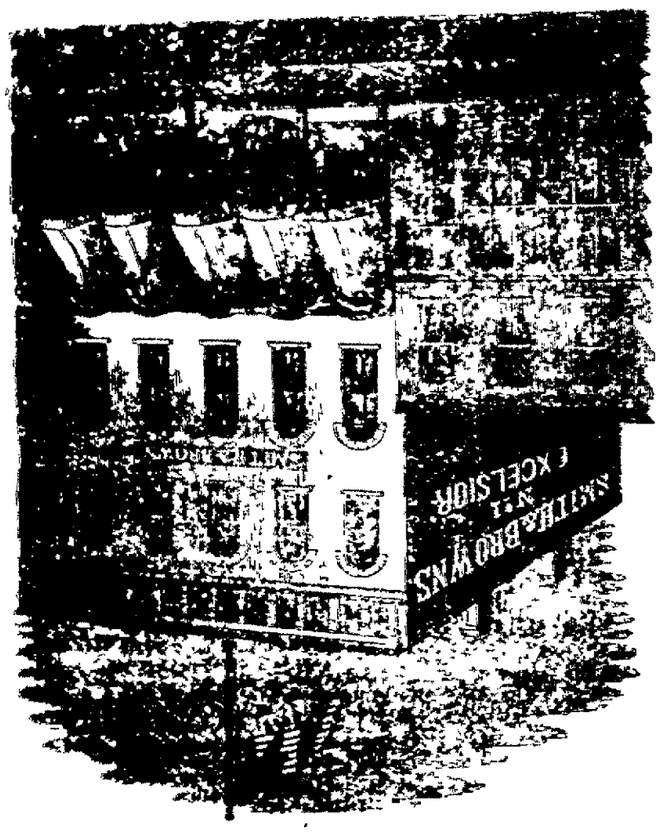
REVERSE THE PAPER, I MEAN,

READ,

REFLECT,

AND

ACT PROMPTLY!



R. O. SMITH.

Our customers and the trade generally are requested to call and examine our immense stock at reduced prices.

ON AND AFTER MONDAY, THE 17th INST.

GREAT

REDUCTION!

R. O. SMITH,

Olean, N. Y.

We offer his Entire Stock at prices that will compete successfully with those of the forced sales of any house in the State not excepting Assigned Stock, and those being sold by the Sheriff.

HOW IS THIS?

Our entire stock of CARPETS - - -	AT COST
Five Cases Best Standard Prints - -	AT 11 CENTS
Two Cases Ginghams at - - -	12 & 15 CENTS
Ten Bales 4-4 Sheetings at from -	10 TO 12 CENTS

FURS and BUFFALO ROBES WAY DOWN! DOWN!

Fifty Chests SIX SHILLING TEA for FORTY CENTS.

Fifty Barrels "A" COFFEE SUGAR at ELEVEN CENTS.

GO TO EATON & SPRAGUE'S

FOR YOUR

STOVES, HARDWARE, COOKING UTENSILS, SHELF FURNITURE, CUTLERY, TINWARE,

and everything that can be found in a first-class Hardware Store.

THEY WILL NOT BE OUTDONE IN PRICES OR QUALITY OF GOODS.

USE AND BEAUTY!

In accordance with the demands of the times, I

M. L. Armstrong,

take this occasion to inform my friends and patrons that I now keep on hand with and for sale,

JEWELRY & SILVERWARE

which will be sold at prices to satisfy the most prudent.

Witness my hand and seal this third day of December A. D. 1873.

M. L. ARMSTRONG

SMETHPORT MARBLE WORKS

The undersigned keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of

MONUMENTS, TOMBSTONES,

TABLE-TOPS, MANTEL-PIECES

And Marble Work of every description also Stone Work for buildings and side walks. All work done on the most reasonable terms and in the most workmanlike manner. Call and examine for yourselves. JOHN DIGEL.

Smethport, Sept. 29, 1870.

NOTICE!

J. G. Pelton,

OLEAN, N. Y.

Merchant Tailor, has just returned from New York with his Fall and Winter Stock of Goods, Consisting of English, French and American Suitings, Overcoats, Cassimeres and trimmings in all of the new and desirable styles.

Extra pains will be taken to give you Nice fitting Suits made in the most durable and artistic manner.

11—6 3m

PHYSICIANS & DRUGGISTS.

A prominent New York physician lately communicated to Dunbar Davis & Co. of the Sanford Wood Bark Carpet, stating that sometimes they cured but Catarrh, stating that sometimes they cured but occasionally, but that a patient of his had taken them for some time without effect. On being interrogated as to the cause, it was ascertained that several imitations were made and sold for genuine, and it was found that his patient had been taking worthless stuff in bottles, and not SANFORD, DUNBAR & CO'S.

What is expected to take place now may be happened to others, and Dunbar, Davis & Co. take this method of protecting physicians, druggists and the consumer, and preventing Oil of Cedar wood from being sold for Sanford's.

Physicians who order prescribe the Capsules will continue to do so, for they contain the pure Oil in the best and cheapest form.

Dunbar, Davis & Co. use much more Oil of Sandalwood in the manufacture of their capsules than all the wholesale and retail Druggists and Perfumers in the United States combined, and this is the reason why the pure oil is sold cheaper in these capsules than in any other form.

Oil of Sandalwood is a better remedy than any other remedy, many capsules only being required to insure a safe and certain cure in any of the above diseases. From no other medicine can this result be had.

Dick's anti-corpulent solves the problem long considered by many eminent physicians, of how to spend the time on and dangers experienced in endeavoring, which are well known to debilitate them, not destroy, the good effects of many valuable remedies.

Both agents we are putting on the fall and most heavy stock is made, and are the only capsule approved and by Physicians.

These were the only Capsules admitted to the last Paris Exposition.

Send for circular to 78 Wooster Street, New York.

SOLD AT ALL DRUGGISTS.

Agency, Arcade, 14 Jacobs Street, New York.

11—1

TO OUR FRIENDS AND THE PUBLIC.

We wish to call especial attention to our large and complete stock of **School Books, Miscellaneous Books, Stationery, Albums,** &c., which we bought for cash of the receiver appointed for BREED, LEST & Co., Buffalo, directly after their failure, at TEN PER CENT. below the publisher's and manufacturer's prices to jobbers, we therefore DEFY competition, and are prepared to wholesale School Books to dealers in other parts of the county at bottom figures. Our stock of

CONFECTIONERY

is always complete, as we receive it in small quantities every few days thereby insuring its freshness. We also keep the very choicest brands of *CIGARS and TOBACCO* the market affords. Our FANCY GOODS, SUNDRIES, PERFUMERIES, &c., being selected with the greatest care from the best Importing Houses, we are enabled to offer as complete a line as can be found in this part of the country, at the lowest prices. We also keep strictly pure

WINES & LIQUORS

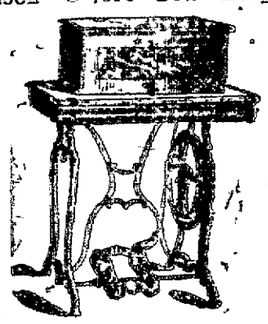
for medical use only. Prescriptions, recipes, &c., carefully prepared.

With many thanks for the liberal patronage we have so far enjoyed, we would respectfully solicit a continuance of the same.

McCOY & REILLY.

SMETHPORT, Nov 6, 1873

"Look Before You Leap."



BUY THE NEW NEEDLE Wood Sewing Machine.

On [illegible] terms, and warranted to give entire satisfaction.

CANNOT BE EXCELLED

for variety of work nor ease of handling. I also have on hand a sample Machine of the

"G. F."

a new, the best in the market for heavy work.

Please examine it. *Need* before buying elsewhere

W. K. NYE

Bradford, Pa., Feb 13, 1873

Goodall's PLAYING CARDS.

THE BEST—THE CHEAPEST.

STEAMSHIP—Finest Card made.
REGATTA—5 Cents Common Card.
BROADWAY—A Nice common Card.
VIRGINIA—Fine calico backs.
GEN. JACKSON—Cheap and popular. [Pat cut backs same as one and designs.]
COLUMBIAS—[Eeehre deck.] extra quality.
GOLDEN GATE—One of the best cards made.
MT. VERNON—Extra fine two color patterns.

ASK FOR THE ABOVE—TAKE NO OTHERS

Price list on application. Dealers supplied by

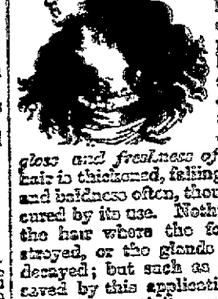
VICTOR E. MAUGER,

10 to 112 Pearce Street, New York.

11 4

Ayer's Hair Vigor,

For restoring to Gray Hair its natural Vitality and Color.



A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *It soon restores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* This hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed; but such as remain can be saved by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so uncleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre, and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS.

Callar & Robinson,

DEALERS IN

Drugs, Paints,

Oils, Fancy Goods,

&c., &c., &c., &c., &c.,

KANE, PA.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its intrinsic virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and beneficial to children, and yet so searching as to effectually purge out the great corruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, or diseases that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful antidote, and disappear. Hence its wonderful cures, many of which are publicly known, of Scrofula, and all scrofulous diseases, Ulcers, Eruptions, and eruptive disorders of the skin, Tumors, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Pustules, Sores, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm, and internal Ulcerations of the Uterus, Stomach, and Liver. It also cures other complaints, to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Fits, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Debility, and Leucorrhœa, when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons.

It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By renewing the appetite and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

PREPARED BY

Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

THE PRESENT TERM OF THE SMETHPORT GRADED SCHOOL will close

March 13, 1874.

The next term will open the 20th of March, 1874.

The M'Kean Miner.

THURSDAY, JAN. 15, 1874.

MINNESOTA.

Letter From A Former Resident of McKean County.

ADVANTAGES AND PROSPECTS OF MINNESOTA—EMPIRE STATE OF THE WEST SOUTHWESTERN MINNESOTA. BEAUTIFUL PRAIRIES. ACCOUNT OF THE NATIONAL COLONY. TEMPERANCE AND EDUCATION. LAND AND HEALTH.

NOBLES CO., MINN. DEC. 27, 1873.

EDITOR MCKEAN CO. MINER: Before coming to this country I was a resident of McKean. I was attracted to this portion of the west by the fact that a colony known as the National Colony was settling here.—And having had time to test the climate and the soil and to satisfy myself as to the prospects of this region, I would like to give some account of the country through your columns.

Before speaking of this region especially, allow me to give some facts concerning the State in general. Minnesota begins to be called the Empire State of the west. It stands first in wheat and hay, third in corn, and is growing into an excellent stock raising state, because of the abundant grasses, the numerous lakes and the dry winters. In manufactures it must lead the west, being a New England in water power, a Maine and Michigan combined in lumber resources, abounding in mineral deposits in the Northern portion and having a region six times as large as New England, looking directly to the State for a supply of manufactured goods. The most remarkable feature however, is the commercial position of the State.—The great lakes, the Mississippi river, the Red river of the north, the Northern Pacific Railroad all begin in Minnesota and radiate from it like spokes from a hub. These great transporting routes are making of Minnesota a mighty distributing centre and building up of St Paul a second Chicago. Nobles county is in southwestern Minnesota, which consists chiefly of rolling prairie, called by common consent, the cream and garden spot of the prairies.—The soil is a rich, dark, sandy loam, from two to four feet deep, and the surface of the country is beautified by numerous crystal lakes. The prairies extend far into Iowa and Dakota, and in the midst of this region the National Colony is locating, embracing fifteen townships lying chiefly in this county but partly across the line in Iowa. The Colony is managed by Dr. A. P. Miller, formerly of Toledo and now of New York and Prof. R. F. Huniston, formerly of Cleveland. These gentlemen travelled over 20,000 miles in search of a location and finally selected this because it met, better than any other, the chief requirements of a good colony location viz: fertile soil, convenient markets and a climate under which consumption and ague are almost unknown. The colonists began to assemble here in the spring of 1872, less than 20 months ago, when there was scarcely a farm house in the county, but now there are hundreds of neat farm houses, a farming population of from 3,000 to4,000 and from 15,000 to 20,000 acres of land under cultivation. The towns are growing up, the principal one, Worthington, being the county seat of Nobles Co. and the best town and trading centre within a radius of from 75 to 100 miles. Worthington is situated on the shore of a beautiful lake called Lake Okabena, the town commanding trade from nine of the surrounding counties, extending into Iowa and Dakota, and has nearly doubled in substantial improvements during the past year. There are in the place four hotels, a large public hall building, several grain warehouses, a large grain elevator and a flouring mill with a capacity for over 100 barrels of flour a day, sending to New York the celebrated Okabena brand of flour. A fine church building has just been erected and two others are contemplated. The town has four church organizations, a seminary, a graded school, a library association, a live newspaper called the Western *Advance*, a bank, a lodge of Masons, a Grand Army Post, a brass band, etc., and in short, Worthington is a well organized town, the business, railroad, social and educational centre of a large extent of country. The Sioux City and St Paul railroad keep us in daily communication with the outside world. This road already carries into St Paul more produce than any other road, and is a chief link in a great through route from Lake Superior to the Pacific coast. A branch is to be built from Worthington to Sioux Falls westward, and, with the expected extension of the Southern Minnesota to this point, from the east, Worthington will have a direct and competing outlet to Chicago and will be the principal railroad centre of all this prairie region.

So remarkable has been the success of the National Colony that a distinguished citizen of St Paul pronounces it the most successful colony ever organized in the west. Our material advantages are superior, but the success of this colony is more due to its moral than to its material features. The National Colony is organized upon a temperance and educational basis. No intoxicating beverages are allowed to be sold in the county, and the town charter of Worthington contains a clause of perpetual prohibition. Public sentiment sustains law and every effort to sell liquor is promptly suppressed. It is designed also is to make Worthington an educational centre; the Worthington Seminary is in operation with a corps of 3 teachers, and parents can here secure as good an education for their children as can be secured in the older communities of the east, without subjecting them to the temptations of the liquor traffic. Prof. Huniston, the resident manager of the colony, is an educator of many years standing and his services in advancing our educational interests are invaluable. These features have attracted to this locality a class of settlers who average much higher in character and culture than those of new settlements generally. They are drawn mainly from the churches and the temperance ranks of other States, and many of them are persons of superior education. Our chief drawback is that of all prairie regions, but with fertile soil, convenient markets, beautiful climate, cultivated christian society, superior mail, railroad, school, church and other privileges, we cannot complain of a lack of timber, especially when we are in communication with forests and coal fields and have an abundance of peat in our own midst. Our community is remarkable for what it does not have. We have no ague, no consumption, no liquor traffic, no crime, no ruffians nor desperadoes, no Indians and not even a poisonous reptile. Here are thousands of acres of beautiful rolling prairie land which can be had for the homesteading or the alternate sections can be bought at moderate figures and on long time. These lands lie ready for the plow, and, as has often been said, the farmer can mount his improved implements and drive his team to a fortune while the settler in the forest is getting ready to farm. True, the settlers here have had to undergo some hardships. Last winter was a severe one, and a partial failure of crops the last season has left some destitute, but our poor are not as poor as those who are now crying for aid in the populous east, and we have a soil and climate which, with ordinary care and industry will secure the farmer both health and independence.

W. A. T.

Business Directory.

Byron D. Hamlin & Son.

LAW AND LAND OFFICE. Agency of the Keating lands situated in the Counties of McKean, Potter, Cameron, Clinton and Clearfield.

Smethport, Pa.

S. D. Freeman,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

SMETHPORT McKean county, Pa., will attend promptly to all calls in his profession.

H. L. McCoy.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Smethport, McKean county, Pa., will attend to all calls in his profession.

R. H. Rose.

Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Smethport, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care. Office up stairs in the Court House.

D. V. Crossmire.

Resident Surgeon P. & E. R. R. Co.

15 FRANKLIN ST., KANE, PA.

Prompt attendance given to all professional calls

Backus & Milliken.

ATTORNEYS & Counsellors at Law, Smethport, Pa., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care. Office up stairs in Hartwell block, on Main street.

W. J. MILLIKEN. JOHN C. BACKUS.

P. Ford.

ATTORNEY and Counselor at Law and Collector of Internal Revenue for McKean, Elk and Cameron counties, will give his attention to all matters pertaining to his profession in the above counties. Office, Ford Building, Church street, Smethport, Pa.

Alfred Sturdevant.

HAS opened a Barber Shop in the basement of the Bennett House, where he is prepared to do Shaving, Shampooing, Hair-cutting, Dyeing, &c. in the best style of the art. Ladies' hair cut and dressed in the latest style. Baths did bath-rooms are connected with my shop. Also perfumery, toilet soaps, &c., for sale

P. L. Webster

WOULD INFORM the citizens of Bradford and vicinity that he keeps ready made coffins constantly on hand. Burial cases and caskets furnished if required.

Bradford, Pa., Dec. 31, 1873.

J. E. Olds & Son,

HAVING made arrangements to carry on the TANNING BUSINESS on a more extended scale, would respectfully invite the citizens of McKean county to give them a trial. CUSTOM WORK is made a specialty, and satisfaction guaranteed. Remember the place—three miles from Smethport, on the Olean road.

Farmers' Valley, Jan. 11, 1872.

New Cabinet Shop.

THE undersigned takes this opportunity of informing the public that, having removed his Cabinet Shop two doors above the old stand,—opposite the dwelling house of Mrs. Wellers—he is prepared to sell chairs of most every description and Furniture of most every kind, and keeps constantly on hand a large supply of all articles of furniture, pictures, frames, &c., &c. WM. SPRUNT.

Smethport, Feb. 4, 1869.

New Paint Shop.

THE subscriber has opened a shop on McKean street—near John B. Tyler's old blacksmith shop—and is now prepared to do all kinds of painting in the best possible style. Carriage painting, striping, house and sign painting and all other work in this line done in the best manner. The best of material used, and satisfaction guaranteed.

CARL BAMES

Smethport, May 8, 1872.

James D. Otto.

Let the people of McKean county remember that at any time you can still get blacksmithing done better, cheaper, and on shorter notice than at any other shop in northern Pennsylvania. All kinds of Blacksmithing for Farmers, Lumbermen, Wagon makers, etc. Special attention paid to shoeing.

Fort Allegany, March 28, 1872.

Farm, Garden and Household.

Household Recipes.

To Make Good Buckwheat Cakes.—Take sour milk or buttermilk—the last named is best—and to one pint of milk take a teaspoonful of soda; salt to taste; stir in enough buckwheat flour to make a batter; bake at once. This recipe will hardly fail to give satisfaction if fairly tried.

Apple Cake.—Two cups of stewed apples boiled in two cups of molasses. Drain off the molasses (for the cake) from the apples, add two eggs, two teaspoonfuls of soda, four cups of flour, one cup of butter, one cup of sour milk; spice to suit. Then add the apple (which was drained as above). The apples should be soaked the night before stewing for the cake.

Corn Pudding with Apples.—Take ten apples, pared and quartered, cover the bottom of your pudding dish; sprinkle a little sugar and grate a little nutmeg over them; cover this with well-boiled grits, seasoned with butter (as for breakfast), then another layer of apples, and so on until the dish is full. Bake until the apples are well done, and eat with sweet cream. Good either cold or hot.

Molasses Cured Ham.—Moisten every part of the ham with molasses, and then for every hundred pounds use one quart of fine salt and four ounces of saltpetre, rubbing them in very thoroughly in every point. Then put the hams thus prepared in a cask for four days. Then rub again with molasses and one quart of salt, and return the hams to the casks for four days. Repeat this the third and fourth time, and then smoke the hams. This process takes only sixteen days, while other methods require five or six weeks.

Worm-eaten Peas.

Professor Maurice Perkins, Union University, Schenectady, furnishes the following for the *Country Gentleman*:

Very often in the spring I have noticed that the peas, beans, &c., for sale in the stores for seed were worm-eaten. In many cases the seeds were so eaten as to be useless for seed. The worm and even the egg may be easily destroyed by the bisulphide of carbon, a colorless, volatile liquid, having an odor like that of rotten eggs. If the barrel containing the seeds is not quite full, moisten a piece of cloth with the liquid, lay it on the seeds and cover the barrel with an old horse blanket. The vapor of the bisulphide will sink down among the seeds and destroy all animal life. The seeds themselves will not be injured. Two or three ounces will be enough for a half dozen barrels. This liquid is used in Europe to destroy the weevil in wheat. I have not seen the above mentioned in any agricultural paper, and thought that it might prove useful to some of your readers.

Wooden Snow Shovel.

Every farmer who lives in the North is compelled to do a good deal of snow shoveling every winter, and if it is done before the snow becomes compact and solid, he may work with greater ease and rapidity by using a light, broad snow shovel made of wood. The blade should be of thin wood, about three-fourths of an inch thick, thirteen inches wide and sixteen inches long, the edge dressed down and covered with sheet iron three or four inches back. The iron piece should be an inch and a half wide, screwed on the blade, so as to form a stiffener or cleat to prevent warping and splitting, and for this reason it should never be nailed on the end of the blade. The handle, which is about four feet and a half long, is screwed on so as to be about 20 inches from the floor when the blade lies flat. This shovel may be used for chaff, grain, &c., as well as for snow.—*Country Gentleman.*

How to Make a Cistern.

I see some of your readers wish to know how to construct a cistern. The best way is to dig your pit the size you wish and to wall it with brick; build a partition wall across it, leaving two-thirds or one side. Leave a number of holes through the bottom of the partition wall about four inches square; then plaster well with not less than two coats. Fill up to the smallest side of the partition wall with charcoal; then fill up the other side about three feet with coarse sand. Let the water in on the charcoal, letting it pass under the partition wall up through the sand. It will be as pure as a freestone spring. It will have no taste of rain water.—*Exchange.*

To Clean Smoky Paper Hangings.

Take a piece of wood of the shape of a scrubbing brush, nail a handle on the back, then upon the face nail a piece of dried sheepskin with wool upon it; or flax or tow will do; or cotton flannel of several thicknesses will answer very well. Dip this brush into dry whiting, and rub the smoke lightly with the brush on the upper parts of the room first—protecting the carpet with matting or newspaper, as the whiting dust is hard to sweep off a carpet. The whiting that remains on the wall is easily brushed off with a soft cloth attached to a stick. It is very effectual if the room is not damp and the whiting is dry.

Paris Street Scenes.

"The street scenes in Paris," writes a correspondent, "are very amusing to a foreigner. Men and women, harnessed by leather straps into capacious hand-carts, transport heavy loads with apparent ease. Jackasses, with cars of fabulous length, are driven in small herds from door to door, where they are milked and the product served to novelist customers. The prevalence of wooden shoes worn by the humble classes creates a perfect din and clatter upon the sidewalks and roadways, while these pedal attachments bear a goodly proportion in size and form to a Swampscott fishing skiff. The uncovered heads of men, women, and children of the working-classes, except, perhaps, a linen cap upon the more pretentious middle-aged women, is a marked feature. The wonderful harnesses upon the common horses, heavy beyond all reason, with collars partly of wood, and of such enormous size as to overshadow the animal itself, and remarkable to one who has an eye for the eternal fitness of things. The marvelous burdens borne by men and women upon their heads are also a constant source of astonishment. There is the army of *chiffoniers* who perambulate the street gutters in the morning, picking up and utilizing unconsidered trifles, and who again make their appearance, armed with lanterns, at night to ply their humble calling. Add also the amusing cries of itinerant tradesmen, preparing to serve you in various domestic matters, and all forms a panarama of curious and busy life, extremely picturesque."

Bound to be in Time.

The early morning train from Danbury leaves at half-past six. This is a very reasonable hour in the summer, when people are stirring, birds carolling their melodies, and the incense from the newly-awakened flowers filling the air and inspiring the senses. But in the winter time, with animal and vegetable life dead, the air raw and chilly, the matches mislaid, and a gloomy darkness wrapping the face of the earth, as if with a pall, half-past six a. m. is a very unreasonable and disagreeable hour, and the man who has occasion to leave home on that train may easily be pardoned the uneasiness unavoidable the day before. Our legal friend, Prince, received information on Friday which made it necessary that he should be in New York before Saturday noon. He contemplated the early start with some misgiving, and determined to make the best preparation for it by getting to bed early. Some people would not have thought of this, and remained up until their usual hour, and either over-slept themselves, or have awakened unrefreshed and depressed. Mr. Prince went to bed at nine o'clock, and got to sleep about half-past eleven. When he awoke it was at the earnest solicitation of Mrs. Prince's toes, which were digging vigorously into his back, while Mrs. Prince's hands and Mrs. Prince's voice were otherwise engaged in his interests. Mr. Prince jumped up at once, and inquired the time, which Mrs. Prince was not able to inform him exactly, but was quite confident, by the general feeling and looks, that it was hard on to car time. Mr. Prince snatched up his clothes at this, and flew into the sitting-room, and straightway got into his clothes, and then, examining his watch, found that it was ten minutes past twelve.

"By crackey!" said Mr. Prince, and immediately returned to bed, and, encasing his head beneath the clothes, preserved a moody silence in answer to Mrs. Prince's inquiries. It finally dawned on that excellent lady that the hour was too early, and she soon went to sleep. But there was no immediate sleep for her husband. He felt gloomy and dissatisfied, and seemed weighed down with the impression that he was to miss the train in spite of all he could do to avert the calamity. He carefully reviewed his past life, arraigning himself as a student, a lawyer, a citizen, and a husband, to see if there was anything in his record—an act, a word, or a thought, which, by the finest in genuity, could be distorted into a crime for which the losing the train might be considered a fitting judgment. But in vain he went over the past for such a provocation, and finally assigning the cause to a dispensation of fate none of us can avert, he, too, fell asleep.

When he awoke again he found Mrs. Prince's toes at his back, and Mrs. Prince's hands on his shoulders, and Mrs. Prince's voice in his ear, and a vivid impression on his mind that the train had gone, or that the whistle would sound before he could get out of bed. But he arose and hurried into the sitting-room with a show of interest, and, drawing on his clothes, again consulted his watch with an air of desperation, and ascertained that it was just two o'clock. He didn't say "By crackey!" this time. But it is no matter what he said. He chipped back to the bedroom without any loss of time, and appeared before Mrs. Prince with a lamp in one hand, a lot of clothes in the other, and with a good deal of fire in his eye. But he blew out the light in silence, and then, getting back into bed, gloomily urged her not to do that again, or her officiousness might cost her pain. The next time he aroused himself. It was four o'clock. This was a little earlier than was absolutely necessary; but, for fear of missing the train, he remained up. First carefully dressing himself, he kindled the fire in the kitchen, and thought of the excellent breakfast he was to carry with him, while Mrs. Prince lay and slept. At half-past seven she awoke of her own accord, and, finding the broad daylight streaming into the window, jumped up with sincere regret that Prince had gone without a warm breakfast, and pictured to herself, during the toilet, the aching void he would carry with him through the streets of the metropolis. Then she thought of his vexation, and the tears came into her eyes. And then she went into the kitchen, and was struck motionless at the sight before her. For there was Prince with a carpet-bag tightly clutched in one hand, and a roll of legal documents in the other, sitting bolt upright in a chair—fast asleep. Astonished and confused by this spectacle, and hardly knowing what she was doing, Mrs. Prince got the woman in the other part of the house to arouse Mr. Prince, while she stole over to her mother to see about something.

Lye a Week on Sprouts.

The following account of how three men lost their way in the north woods of Michigan, lived a week on basswood sprouts, and, finally, found their way out, is given in a special dispatch to the *Free Press*, dated at East Saginaw.

Elijah Barrett, of Gratiot county, arrived here from the northern part of the Lower Peninsula. Mr. Barrett, in company with Joshua Burt and Charles Burton, of Wenona, went North some two weeks ago for the purpose of locating a homestead. On December 7th, in town 32 North, range 2 East, not far from Cheboygan, they lost their compass. They had consumed the last of their provisions the Friday previous, with the exception of a partridge, which they had for breakfast Sunday. They saw no other game and did not have a mouthful of food, excepting basswood sprouts, till Friday night, on the 13th, when they came out at Burt's home-stead on the Sturgeon river, above Otsego lake. They were nearly famished, and the last day were so exhausted, from fatigue and hunger, that they were only able to travel about ten feet at a time. From Tuesday till Friday the sun was not visible a moment. They report the snow four feet deep in that section.

Mad Stone.—A lady of Richmond has a mad stone, for which she paid $1,600, and which she permitted another lady to apply three times to a mad-dog bite at the rate of $15 a time. Some 300 persons have been cured by the stone, so that the owner has now an ample fortune, probably, and the price of mad stones has gone up amazingly. Some people think that a good hard cobble-stone would be equally serviceable, particularly if it were vigorously applied to the head of the animal itself.

The greatest bet that was ever made—the Alphabet.

About to be Buried Alive.

Remarkable Escape from a Terrible Death.

In the northern part of the city of St. Joseph, Mo., says a local paper, lives a carpenter, with his family, who are natives of France, and have been in this country about eight years. One of their children is a little girl named Mary, and the subject of this singular story. The child was born in Paris, and was 11 years old on the 26th day of June last. She speaks French, German, and English fluently, and in conversation exhibits an uncommon intensity of mental action and vividness of mental vision. She is fair complexioned and very beautiful, with lustrous eyes, sunny hair, and a look of spiritual maturity in her countenance. She has sometimes said that she could see the forms of persons who have died, and as her sincerity could not be doubted, this occasioned some alarm in the minds of her parents.

The health of the child has not been good for several months, and on Saturday morning, three weeks ago, she startled her mother by saying she could see her dead sister Louise, who came near her in an angel form and spoke to her, telling her that she would make her so well that she would never be sick any more. Her mother tried to dismiss the subject from her mind, but she could not stop talking, and continued, describing her sister, saying that she was standing near dressed in pure white, her face bright and shining, her hair illumined with silver light, and golden dew-drops dripping from her wings. She could also see her dead brother, who came close to her sister's side. While talking her strength gave way, and she sank away as in death.

The worst forebodings of the parents had been realized, and they prepared the body for burial. No physician had been called in, as they supposed that death had already fallen upon their child. It was about 10 o'clock in the morning when the apparent death occurred. The body was kept till Sunday afternoon about 4 o'clock, nearly thirty-six hours, during which time no sign of returning life had been noticed. The final look at the remains was taken, the coffin was sealed up and placed in the hearse, and the little cortege started for the grave, the parents following the hearse in a carriage.

After proceeding some distance, and coming down Third street, the quick ear of the saddened mother caught the echo of a familiar cry, and she gave expression to her suspicion that it came from the coffin of her child. Her suspicion was overruled, but in a few moments a second cry was heard, and, in compliance with the wishes of the mother, the hearse was stopped and the coffin drawn out. The struggles of what was supposed to be the lifeless body could now be plainly heard. The coffin was quickly opened, and the child found to be alive, to the amazement and unspeakable delight of the parents. In her struggles she had nearly torn from herself her death robes.

She was quickly taken from the coffin and carried into the house of a French lady at hand, where they bathed her in vinegar. She recovered her strength rapidly, and in a short time was taken to the home she had left only a few hours before as an apparent corpse. Since that time she has been as well as for the last few months. Her parents make every effort to keep her mind from reverting to the terrible episode in her young life, fearing that there is a fearful fascination in it to her.

She says that while others thought her dead, she could feel their touch and hear distinctly all that was said, but could not move a single muscle or make the slightest sign. She knew when they dressed her for the coffin, when she was laid in it, and heard the terrible lid fastened down, but could not make a motion, and was utterly powerless until the hearse had gone some distance, when the physical forces were probably set in motion again by the motion of the vehicle.

She describes with singular enthusiasm and power, for one so young, the beatific sights that she saw while entranced, many different beings appearing to her in wonderful beauty.

A Case of Mistaken Identity.

We have recently had a most remarkable case of identity, says the London correspondent of the *Chicago Journal*. Not long ago an old man died suddenly in the streets. Some one recognized him as being employed at the gas-works in the neighborhood, and some eight or ten of his fellow-workmen promptly identified him. Two of the number were deputed to convey the sad intelligence to his wife, who took the tidings very coolly, and replied that her husband was at that moment up stairs in bed, and he shortly made his appearance, much to their astonishment. The body was then removed to the work-house mortuary, where some fourteen of the officials identified it as that of a pauper who had been an inmate of the work-house over a year, and intelligence of his death was at once sent to his daughters in Manchester. One of the sons-in-law came up to town at once, and recognized his father-in-law, and the daughters followed, both swearing at the inquest that the body was that of their father. They gave him a decent burial, paid the undertaker and returned home, finding there a letter from their father, written the day before, informing them he was staying with some friends in Devonshire, and in good health. I do not think there is on record another case so remarkable. The funny part of it is that the sons-in-law are now trying to get their money back from the undertaker, who, however, declines to refund.

Carbolic Acid Not a Disinfectant.

The Southern cities that have suffered from yellow fever, or been threatened with it, this fall, have, of course, resorted to a profuse use of disinfectants. Principal among those used has been carbolic acid, which, according to popular consent, is the most effective of all the remedies against infection. Prof. Cochran, of the Alabama Medical College, condemns it as being conducive to the spread of disease rather than its suppression, and says, after watching the effects of its use in the hospitals of Mobile and New Orleans: Not only do the facts and examples adduced in proof fail to establish the efficacy of carbolic acid as a prophylactic against yellow fever, but without any violence, and without any sophistical interpretation, they go very far toward the establishment of the suspicion that its influence has been the very reverse of prophylactic; that if it has not contributed to the extension of the disease, it has at least added to its malignity and increased the mortality to a fearful ratio. The experiment has been made, and it has failed.

Prospect and Retrospect.

Again we have passed the portals of another year. The past, with all its joys, its sorrows, its heartbreaks, its ecstacies, is ours only in memory. To some of us the year that has gone by has brought healing, to some it has opened fresh wounds, to some it has been the beginning of joy and hope, but we all stand on the threshold of the new year alike, unknowing what may be for us in its unfolding.

Regrets for the past are useless only as they stimulate us to renewed diligence, in well-doing for the time to come. The one thing we can do, the only thing that will tell on our future, is to act nobly in the living present, to see how many aching hearts we can soothe, how many minds hungry for knowledge we can feed, how many who have grown weary in the march of life we can encourage and aid, how many oppressed and afflicted we may relieve, and how much we can do to lift ourselves and those around us to the highest life. If we have drank deeply of the chalice of sorrow, we know how to comfort those who mourn, and in trying so to do, find the richest balm for our own griefs. If we have sat by the well-springs of joy and quaffed the wine of life, we can gladly give of its overflowings to those who sit in darkness and are robed in sackcloth. Not one who reads these lines but can either by his joys or his sorrows, by his failures or his successes, aid some human heart in its aspirations and struggles for the right. And will you tell me what there is in life but this, really worth living for? The joy, the sorrow that makes us selfish has been sent in vain.

We have sat, as 'twere in confessional during the past year, and on the whisperings from the depths of many a perplexed and anguished heart have fallen on our ear, our greatest joy has been to solve doubts, to smooth away difficulties, to direct the inquiring, to give every aid in our power to those who ask for it. We are indebted more than we can express to the many who have sent us assurances that our work is efficient and appreciated. No reward, no stimulus is so great as appreciation. Many a time in the past year we should have fainted but for this.

To all our readers we extend a personal greeting, and we start together on another year, hoping that our intercourse may be no less pleasant and profitable in the months that are to come than it has been in those that are past. Whatever may promote the happiness, the purity, the prosperity of home has place in this column, we who write and all who read are bound together by one common tie—the love of home.

Let us not this New Year waste our moral strength in useless regrets or vain resolutions, but "with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in."

A Washington Romance.

A beautiful young widow appears in society this winter whose story is very romantic. Three years ago one of the belles of Washington was a lovely girl who passed most of the season (her first in society) with Mrs. Admiral Lee. Miss Beasie Beale had many admirers, and soon it was known that Mr. Sturtevant, of New York, was the favored suitor, and in the spring the announcement was made that a brilliant wedding the next autumn would seal the happiness of the young lovers. But in July there was a grand *denouement*. Mr. Sturtevant disappeared from a "Sound" boat on its way to Newport, and the supposition was and still is that he accidentally fell overboard and was drowned. Immediately after the announcement, which of course caused great consternation, society was still further amazed by the publication of a notice of the marriage in June in Baltimore of Mr. Sturtevant and Miss Beale. It seems that the young people, with the consent of the bride's mother, were privately married; but the express stipulation was agreed upon that no public announcement should be made until the time previously fixed for the wedding in October, and that the bride should remain with her parents until that time and continue to receive visits from the groom just as she had done thereto. The marriage was duly proven, the certificate being in regular form, and the young widow, the period of whose wifehood was comprised in the brief time necessary to perform the marriage ceremony, succeeded to her late husband's property. This is one of the romances of real life which is indeed stranger than fiction.

Said So.

Here is a domestic drama from Paris. A young gal was about to be married to a journeyman carpenter, whose suit was by no means agreeable to her. She had refused and protested against the match, but her father was inexorable on the subject, and insisted on the marriage, though the mother would willingly have yielded. At length the bride-elect appeared resigned to her fate, and the father, pointing out the happy result of his firmness to his wife, triumphantly exclaimed, "I told you so." Next day, however, the poor girl, having left a letter at home explaining the cause of her action, jumped off the Bridge of Austerlitz into the Seine. She was, however, saved, and carried home by two sailors. The father returned home just as the dripping girl was placed in safety beside the paternal hearth, when the mother, with perhaps more point than discretion, simply observed, "I told you so."

Will Wonders Never Cease?

When Dr. Walker proclaimed that he had produced from the medicinal herbs of California an Elixir that would regenerate the sinking system and cure very form of disease not organic, the incredulous shook their heads. Yet his Vinegar Bitters is now the Standard Restorative of the Western World. Under the operation of the new remedy, Dyspeptics regain their health; the Bilious and Constipated are relieved of every distressing symptom; the Consumptive and Rheumatic rapidly recover; Intermittent and Remittent Fevers are broken; the hereditary taint of Scrofula is eradicated! Skepticism is routed, and this wonderful preparation is to-day the most popular Tonic, Alterative, and Blood Depurent ever advertised in America. We don't sell Rum under the guise of medicine. We advertise and sell a *pure medicine* which will stand analysis by any chemist in the country.—*Com.*

Many people, particularly children, suffer with the ear ache; and for the benefit of such we give a sure but simple remedy. Put in two or three drops of *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment* stop the ear with cotton wool, bathe the feet in warm water before going to bed, and keep the head warm at night.—[Com.

Consumption.

the scourge of the human family, may in its early stages be promptly arrested and permanently cured.

HAYESWOOD, W. Va., Oct., 25th, 1873.

Dr. R. V. Pierce:

Sir—For the last year I have been using your Golden Medical Discovery. I owe my life to it, having been afflicted for years. Did not use it but a short time before I was benefitted; at that time I was very bad, not able to sit up much, was suffering greatly with my throat, was getting blind, had a dry cough and much pain in my lungs. I have used twelve bottles of the Discovery and am almost well.

KATE T. WARDNER.

A son of Mr. J. H. Merrick, of Chatham Four Corners, N. Y., has been cured of Consumption by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery,—so says Mr. C. B. Canfield, editor of the *Chatham Courier*.

S. R. Eglar, druggist, of West Union, O., writes to state that Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery has effected a wonderful cure of Consumption in his neighborhood.—[Com.

Everybody is hoarse. There never was such a Spring for coughs and colds, and never such a universal and urgent demand for Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar. Piso's Toothache Drops cure in one minute. —[Com.

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Pain-Killer.—There is probably no other preparation manufactured that has become so much of a household word as the Pain-Killer. For over thirty years it has stood before the public, and the innumerable testimonials that have been called forth voluntarily, testify fully to its merits. When you need a family medicine buy the Pain-Killer.—[Com.

A Consumptive Cured.—Dr. H. James, while experimenting, accidentally made a preparation of Cannabis Indica, which cured his only child of Consumption. This remedy is now for sale at first-class Druggists. Try it, prove it for yourself. Price $2.50. Send stamp for circular. Craddock & Co., proprietors, 1032 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa.—*Com.*

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For loss of Appetite, Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Depression of Spirits and General Debility, in their various forms, Ferro-Phosphated Elixir of Calisaya made by Caswell, Hazard & Co., New York, and sold by *all* druggist, is the best tonic. As a stimulant tonic for patients, recovering from fever or other sickness, it has no equal. If taken during the season it prevents fever and ague and other intermittent fevers.—*Com.*

Cristadoro's Excelsior Dye is the most sure and complete preparation of its kind in the world, its effects are magical, its character harmless, its tints natural, its qualities enduring.

Capt. Charles Sager, who keeps a superb stock of livery horses in Portland, Me., informed us recently that he uses *Sheridan's Cavalry Condition Powders* regularly in his stables, and that the expense is more than offset by the diminished amount of grain necessary to keep his horses always in good order.—[Com.

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from no other cause than having worms in the stomach.

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will destroy Worms without injury to the child, being perfectly WHITE, and free from all coloring or other injurious ingredients usually used in worm preparations.

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Having a direct influence on the parts, give immediate relief. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Consumptive and Throat Diseases, Troches are used with always good success.

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will find Troches useful in clearing the voice when taken before Singing or Speaking, and relieving the throat after an unusual exertion of the vocal organs.

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First quality	.11	@ .11¾
Second quality	.10	@ .10½
Ordinary thin Cattle	.09	@ .09½
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Milch Cows	$60	@$90
Hogs—Live	6.04¾	@ .06¼
Dressed	.06¾	@ .07
Sheep	.04¼	@ .06¼
Calves	.16½	@ .16½
Flour—Extra Western	6.50	@ 6.80
State Extra	6.60	@ 6.85
Wheat—Red Western	1.54	@ 1.54
No. 2 Spring	1.56	@ 1.60
Corn	1.00	@ 1.05
Rye	1.50	@ 2.10
Barley—Malt	.61	@ .61¾
Oats—Mixed Western	.78	@ .85
Corn—Mixed Western	15.00	@17.00
Hay, per ton	13.00	@17.00
Straw, per ton	70@80	@90@ $ @ .35
Hops	12.75	@16.12½
Pork—Mess	.08¾	@ .09¼
Lard	.08¾	@ .09¼
Petroleum—Crude	.5¾ a 5¾	Refined 13
Butter—State	.24	@ .40
" Ohio, Flint	.31	@ .32
" Yellow	.19	@ .29
Western ordinary	.18	@ .20
Pennsylvania fine	.34	@ .37
Cheese—State Factory	.09	@ .14
Skimmed	.03	@ .09
Ohio	.09	@ .13
Eggs—State	.30	@ .31
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Beef Cattle	6.00	@ 6.62½
Sheep	4.00	@ 4.75
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Flour	7.00	@ 9.00
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Oats	.45	@ .50
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Lard	.08	@ .09
ALBANY.		
Wheat	1.45	@ 1.50
Rye—State	.80	@ .90
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Oats—State	.55	@ .56
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Flour	7.25	@ 8.25
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Clover Seed	8.00	@10.00
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BALTIMORE.		
Cotton—Low Middling	.15¾	@ .15¾
Flour—Extra	6.50	@ 6.80
Wheat	1.40	@ 1.40
Corn	.75	@ .80
Oats	.50	@ .50

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